



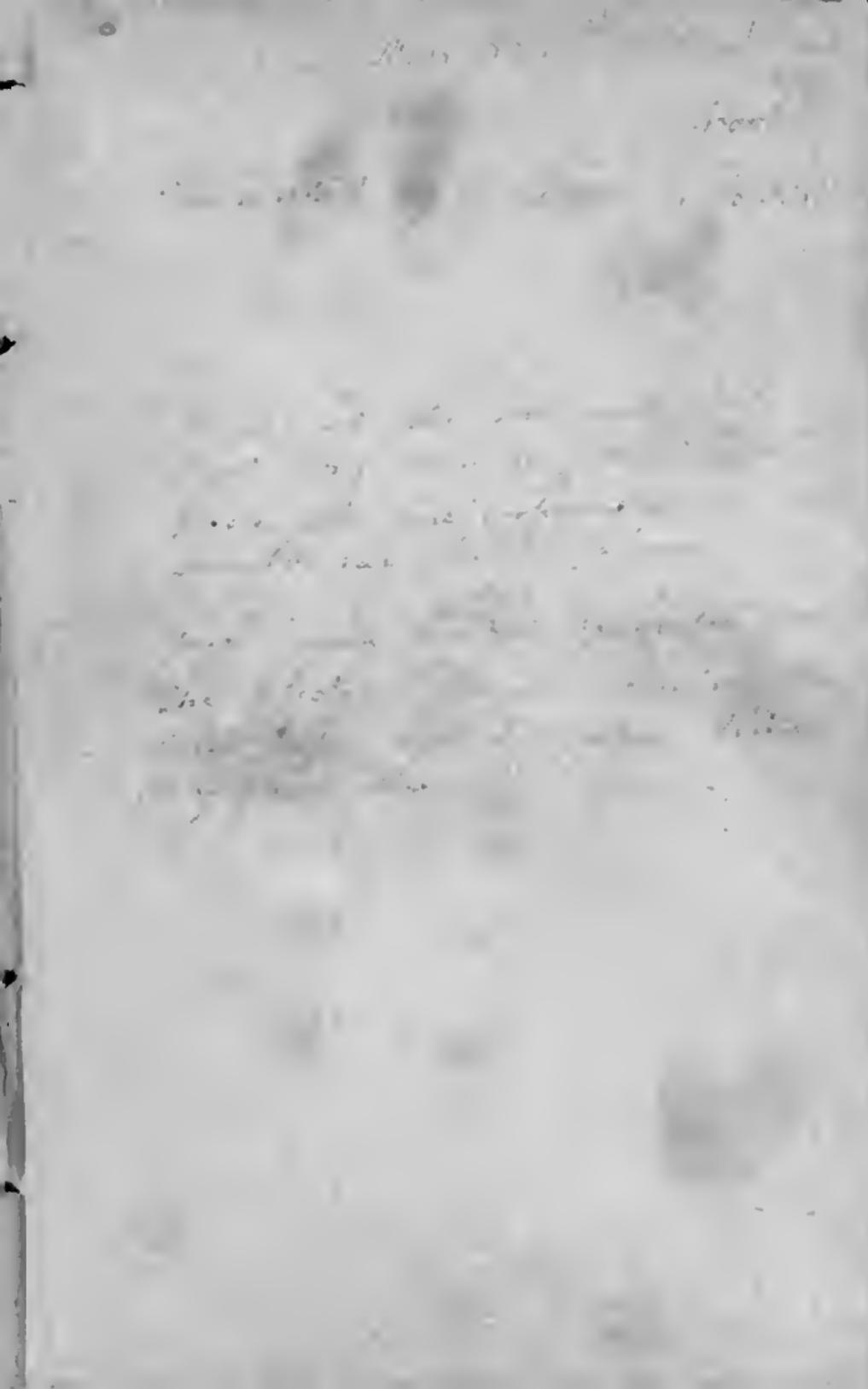
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ELISABETH WOODBURN
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SONG-BOOK

by
Mary Howitt.
and others.

Bring flowers—bright flowers

G. P. HUESTIS, PUBLISHER

104 Nassau St.



FLORAL GEMS.

BY

MARY HOWITT.

AND OTHERS.

“Bring flowers—bright flowers.”—*Mrs. Hemans.*

NEW-YORK:
HUESTIS & COZANS, 104 NASSAU ST
CORNER OF ANN.
1851.

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THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow ;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain ;
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashioned with supremest graee
Unspringing day and night:—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth ?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth ;

To eomfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so eareth for the flowers
Will mueh more eare for him !



THE GARDEN.

I HAD a Garden when a child ;
I kept it all in order ;
'Twas full of flowers as it could be,
And London-pride was its border.

And soon as came the pleasant Spring,
The singing birds built in it;
The Blackbird and the Throstle-cock,
The Woodlark and the Linnet.

And all within my Garden ran
A labyrinth-walk so mazy;
In the middle there grew a yellow Rose;
At each end a Michaelmas Daisy.

I had a tree of Southern Wood,
And two of bright Mezereon;
A Peony root, a snow-white Phlox,
And a bunch of red Valerian;

A Lilac tree, and a Guelder-Rose;
A Broom, and a Tiger-lily;
And I walked a dozen miles to find
The true wild Daffodilly.

I had Columbines, both pink and blue,
And Thalictrum like a feather;
And the bright Goat's-beard, that shuts its
leaves
Before a change of weather.

I had Marigolds, and Gilliflowers,
And Pinks all Pinks exceeding;
I'd a noble root of Love-in-a-mist,
And plenty of Love-lies-bleeding.

I'd Jacob's Ladder, Aaron's Rod,
And the Peacock-Gentianella ;
I had Asters, more than I can tell,
And Lupins blue and yellow.

I set a grain of Indian Corn,
One day in an idle humour,
And the grain sprung up six feet or more,
My glory for a summer.

I found far off in the pleasant fields,
More flowers than I can mention ;
I found the English Asphodel,
And the spring and autumn Gentian.

I found the Orchis, fly and bee,
And the Cistus of the mountain ;
And the Money-wort, and the Adder's tongue.
Besides an old wood fountain.

I found within another wood,
The rare Pyrola blowing :
For wherever there was a curious flower
I was sure to find it growing.

I set them in my garden beds,
Those beds I loved so dearly,
Where I laboured after set of sun,
And in summer mornings early.

O my pleasant garden-plot !—
A shrubbery was beside it,
And an old and mossy Apple-tree,
With a Woodbine wreathed to hide it.

There was a bower in my garden-plot,
A Spiraea grew before it ;
Behind it was a Laburnum tree,
And a wild Hop clambered o'er it.

Ofttimes I sat within my bower,
Like a king in all his glory ;
Ofttimes I read, and read for hours,
Some pleasant, wondrous story.

I read of Gardens in old times,
Old, stately Gardens, kingly,
Where people walked in gorgeous crowds,
Or for silent musing, singly.

I raised up visions in my brain,
The noblest and the fairest ;
But still I loved my Garden best,
And thought it far the rarest.

And all among my flowers I walked,
Like a miser 'mid his treasure ;
For that pleasant plot of Garden ground
Was a world of endless pleasure.

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.
—

PUT up thy work, dear mother ;
Dear mother come with me,
For I've found within the garden,
The beautiful sweet-pea !

And rows of stately hollyhocks
Down by the garden-wall,
All yellow, white, and crimson,
So many-hued and tall !

And bending on their stalks, mother,
Are roses white and red ;
And pale-stemmed balsams all a-blow,
On every garden-bed.

Put up thy work, I pray thee,
And come out, mother dear !
We used to buy these flowers,
But they are growing here !

Oh, mother ! little Amy
Would have loved these flowers to see ;—
Dost remember how we tried to get
For her a pink sweet-pea ?

Dost remember how she loved
Those rose-leaves pale and sere?
I wish she had but lived to see
The lovely roses here!

Put up thy work, dear mother,
And wipe those tears away!
And come into the garden
Before 'tis set of day!

SUMMER WOODS.

COME ye into the summer-woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chesnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,
The honey-suckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant “true
love,”

In some dusk woodland spot ;
There grows the enchanter’s night-shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men ;
The blue-winged jay, the wood-pecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold ;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer-wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e’er was seen.

There comes the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill ;
Down to the murmuring water’s edge,
And freely drink their fill !

And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things :
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrel drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old—
Great joy it was to me !

And down unto the running brook,
I've seen them nimbly go ;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their heads,
As if, in heartsome cheer,
They spake unto those little things,
“ ‘Tis merry living here !”

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy !
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would !

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old wood-shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is, of aught, afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine,
Beneath their feet, nor is there strife
‘Mong them for *mine and thine*.

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree ;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the green-wood tree !

HARVEST-FIELD FLOWERS.

COME down into the harvest-fields
This autumn morn with me ;
For in the pleasant autumn-fields
There's much to hear and see ;
On yellow slopes of waving corn
The autumn sun shines clearly,
And 't is joy to walk, on days like this,
Among the bearded barley.

Within the sunny harvest-fields
We'll gather flowers enow ;
The poppy red, the marigold,
The bugles brightly blue ;
We'll gather the white convolvulus
That opes in the morning early ;
With a cluster of nuts, an ear of wheat,
And an ear of the bearded barley.

Bright over the golden fields of corn
Doth shine the autumn sky ;

So let's be merry while we may,
For time goes hurrying by.
They took down the sickle from the wall
When morning dew shone pearly ;
And the mower whets the ringing scythe
To cut the bearded barley.

Come then into the harvest-fields ;
The robin sings his song ;
The corn stands yellow on the hills,
And autumn stays not long.
They'll carry the sheaves of corn away ;
They carried to-day so early,
Along the lanes, with a rustling sound,
Their loads of the bearded barley.

THE POOR MAN'S GARDEN.

Ah yes, the poor man's garden !
It is great joy to me,
This little, precious piece of ground
Before his door to see !

The rich man has his gardeners—
His gardeners young and old ;
He never takes a spade in hand,
Nor worketh in the mould.

It is not with the poor man so—
Wealth, servants, he has none ;
And all the work that's done for him
Must by himself be done.

All day upon some weary task
He toileth with good will ;
And back he comes, at set of sun,
His garden-plot to till.

The rich man in his garden walks,
And 'neath his garden trees ;
Wrapped in a dream of other things,
He seems to take his ease.

One moment he beholds his flowers,
The next they are forgot :
He eateth of his rarest fruits
As though he ate them not.

It is not with the poor man so :—
He knows each inch of ground,
And every single plant and flower
That grows within its bound.

He knows where grow his wall-flowers,
And when they will be out ;
His moss-rose, and convolulus
That twines his pales about.

He knows his red sweet-williams ;
And the stocks that cost him dear—
That well-set row of crimson stocks,
For he bought the seed last year.

And though unto the rich man
The cost of flowers is nought,
A sixpence to a poor man
Is toil, and care, and thought.

And here is his potatoe-bed,
All well-grown, strong, and green ;
How could a rich man's heart leap up
At anything so mean !

But he, the poor man, sees his crop,
And a thankful man is he,
For he thinks all through the winter
How rich his board will be.

And how his merry little ones
Beside the fire will stand,
Each with a large potatoe
In a round and rosy hand.

The rich man has his wall-fruits,
And his delicious vines ;
His fruit for every season !
His melons and his pines.

The poor man has his gooseberries ;
His currants white and red ;
His apple and his damson tree,
And a little strawberry-bed.

A happy man he thinks himself,
A man that's passing well—
To have some fruit for the children,
And some besides to sell.

Around the rich man's trellised bower
Gay, costly creepers run ;
The poor man has his scarlet-beans
To screen him from the sun.

And there before the little bench,
O'ershadowed by the bower,
Grow southern-wood and lemon-thyme,
Sweet-pea and gilliflower ;

And pinks and clove-carnations,
Rich-scented side by side ;
And at each end a holly-hock,
With an edge of London-pride.

And here comes the old grandmother,
When her day's work is done ;
And here they bring the sickly babe
To cheer it in the sun.

And here, on Sabbath-mornings,
The good man comes to get
His Sunday nosegay, moss-rose bud,
White pink, and mignonette.

And here, on Sabbath-evenings,
Until the stars are out,
With a little one in either hand,
He walketh all about.

For though his garden-plot is small,
Him doth it satisfy ;
For there's no inch of all his ground
That does not fill his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus :
For though his grounds are wide,
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,
With soul unsatisfied.

Yes ! in the poor man's garden grow
Far more than herbs and flowers ;—
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

~~~~~  
WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields !

That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,  
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—  
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,

And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—

I love ye all !

Beautiful flowers ! to me ye fresher seem  
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,

Than those that flourish by a garden-wall ;  
And I can image you, as in a dream,  
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—

I love ye all !

Beautiful gems ! that on the brow of earth  
Are fixed as in a queenly diadem :

Though lowly ye, and most without a name,  
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,  
As light erewhile into the world came—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow !  
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—  
Our own blue-bell—the daisy, that doth rise  
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow ;  
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew !  
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,  
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees :  
I often wish that I were one of you,  
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful watchers ! day and night ye wake !  
That evening star grows dim and fades away,

And morning comes and goes, and then  
the day  
Within the arms of night its rest doth take ;  
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we  
stray—

I love ye all !

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love !  
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom  
to see,  
And in your native woods and wilds to be.  
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely  
move ;  
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—  
The dingle deep—the moorland stretch-  
ing wide,  
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side !  
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome  
spell ;  
And though the worldling, scorning, may  
deride—  
I love ye all !

—NICOLL.

## LET US GO TO THE WOODS.

LET us go to the woods—'tis a bright sunny day :

They are mowing the grass, and at work with the hay.

Come over the meadow and scent the fresh air,

For the pure mountain breezes are everywhere.

We'll follow this winding path up to the hills,  
And spring with a lightsome foot over the rills.

Up, up—it grows sweeter the higher we get,  
With the flowers of the season that linger here yet.

Nay, pause not to gaze at the landscape now ;  
It is finer when seen from the high hill's brow.

We will gather all curious flowers as we go ;  
The sweet and the scentless, and those that bend low ;

The pale and the gaudy, the tiny, the tall,  
From the vine, from the shrub, we will gather them all.

Now here's the Clematis, all graceful and fair ;

You may set it like pearls in the folds of  
your hair.  
And if for your bosom you'd have a bouquet,  
Here's the Meadow-pink sweet, and the  
Touch-me-not gay.  
Here's the full-blown Azalea, perfuming  
the air,  
Here's the Cardinal-flower, that a princess  
might wear.  
And the wild mountain Phlox, pink and pur-  
ple and blue,  
And star-flowers both of white and of gol-  
den hue.  
And here's a bright blossom, a gay one in-  
deed,  
Our mountain-maids name it the Butterfly-  
weed;  
So gorgeous its colours, one scarcely can  
tell  
If the flower or the insect in beauty excel.  
Here's the low dwarf Acacia, that droops as  
it grows,  
And its leaves, as you gather them, tremble  
and close.  
And near us, I know by her breath on the  
gale,  
Is the tall yellow Primrose, so pretty and  
pale.

Here's the Pigeon-pea, fit for a fairy's  
bowers,  
And the purple Thrift, straightest and prim-  
mest of flowers.  
Here is Privet, no prettier shrub have we  
met ;  
And the Midsummer-daisy is hiding here  
yet.

But stay—we are now on the high hill's  
brow !  
How bright lie the fields in the sunlight  
below !  
Do you see those white chimneys that peep  
o'er the grove ?  
'Tis your own little cottage, the home that  
you love ;  
Let us go by the fields where the Chinqua-  
pins are,  
And through the long lane where the Chest-  
nuts hang fair,  
They are scarcely yet ripe, but their tender  
green  
Looks lovely the dark clustering foliage  
between :  
And we'll stop at the nest that we found in  
the wood,  
And see if the blackbird hath flown with  
her brood :

And we'll list to the mocking-bird, wondering thereat,  
Till he pauses, as if to ask, "Who can do that?"

We will listen and gaze, for the lowliest thing

Some lesson of worth to the mind can bring.  
If we read Nature's book with a serious eye,  
Not a leaf but some precious thought on it doth lie:

And 'tis good to go forth among scenes like these,

Amid music and sunshine, and flowers and trees,

If 'twere only to waken the deep love that springs

At the sight of all lovely and innocent things.

ANONYMOUS.

---

### DAFFODILS.

---

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon :

Stay, stay,  
Until the hastening day

Has run  
But to the even-song ;  
And having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay as you.  
We have as short a spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you or anything :  
We die,  
As your hours do ; and dry  
Away  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

—HERRICK, 1648.

---

### THE SWEET-BRIER.

---

OUR sweet autumnal western-scented  
wind  
Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower,  
In all the blooming waste it left behind,  
As that the sweet-brier yields it ; and the  
shower  
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's  
bower

One half so lovely ; yet it grows along  
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor  
man's door.

Such are the simple folks it dwells among ;  
And humble as the bud, so humble be the  
song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand  
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate ;  
Its sweetness all is of my native land ;  
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate  
Among the perfumes which the rich and  
great

Buy from the odours of the spicy East.

You love *your* flowers and plants, and will  
you hate

The little four-leaved rose that I love best,  
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go  
to rest ?

—BRAINARD.

---

### THE FLOWER GIRL.

---

COME buy, come buy my mystic flowers,  
All ranged with due consideration,  
And culled in fancy's fairy bowers,  
To suit each age and every station.

For those who late in life would tarry,  
I've Snowdrops, winter's children cold ;  
And those who seek for wealth to marry,  
May buy the flaunting Marigold.

I've Ragwort, Ragged Robbins too,  
Cheap flowers for those of low condition ;  
For Bachelors I've Buttons blue ;  
And Crown Imperials for ambition.

For sportsmen keen, who range the lea,  
I've Pheasant's Eye and sprigs of Heather ;  
For courtiers with the supple knee,  
I've Parasites and Prince's Feather.

For this tall fops I keep the Rush,  
For peasants still am Nightshade weed-  
ing ;  
For rakes, I've Devil-in-the-Bush,  
Por sighing Strephons, Love-lies-Bleed-  
ing.

But fairest blooms affection's hand  
For constancy and worth disposes,  
And gladly weaves at your command  
A wreath of Amaranths and Roses.

—MRS. CORBOLD.

## THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,  
Sweet flower ! I love in forest bare  
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
First plant thee in the watery mould,  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view  
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,  
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,  
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,  
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,  
Unapt the passing view to meet,  
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,  
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,  
But 'midst the gorgeous blooms of may,  
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth, forget  
The friends in darker fortunes tried;  
I copied them—but I regret  
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour  
Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
That made the woods of April bright.

—BRYANT.

---

### THE DAISY.

---

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here;  
The daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,  
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,  
And pours the day-spring's living-flood,  
Wondrous alike in all He tries,  
Could raise the daisy's purple bud!

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,  
Its fringed border nicely spin,  
And cut the gold-embossed gem,  
That, set in silver, gleams within !

And fling it, unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see  
In every step the stamp of God.

—DR. GOOD.

---

### THE HOLLY TREE.

---

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly tree ?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.  
  
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen ;  
No grazing cattle, through their prickly  
round,  
Can reach to wound ;  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves  
appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,

And moralise :

And in this wisdom of the holly tree

Can emblems see

Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,

One which may profit in the after-time

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear

Harsh and austere ;

To those who on my leisure would intrude,

Reserved and rude ;

Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,

Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,

Some harshness show,

All vain asperities, I, day by day,

Would wear away ;

Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,

The holly leaves their fadeless hues display  
Less bright than they ;

But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the holly tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng ;

So would I seem, amid the young and gay,  
More grave than they ;

That in my age as cheerful I might be

As the green winter of the holly tree

—SOUTHEY.

---

### THE WEE FLOWER.

---

A BONNIE wee flower grew green in the  
wuds,

Like a twinkling wee star amang the cluds ;  
And the langer it leevit, the greener it grew,  
For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by  
the dew.

Oh, fresh was the air where it reared its  
head,

Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves  
shed.

When the morning sun rose frae his east-  
ern ha',

This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'

---

To open its cups sealed up in the dew,  
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and  
blue.

When the winds were still, and the sun  
rode high,

And the clear mountain stream ran wim-  
plin' by,

When the wee birds sang, and the wilder-  
ness bee

Was floating awa', like a clud ower the sea,  
This bonnie wee flower was blooming un-  
seen—

The sweet child of summer—in its rockely  
green.

And when the night clud grew dark on the  
plain,

When the stars were out, and the moon in  
the wane,

When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,  
And the dews of the night the green earth  
pressed,

This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,  
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark green deep.

And when autumn came, and the summer  
had passed,

And the wan leaves were strewn on the  
swirling blast,

This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,  
 And its wee leaves shrank in the frozen air ;  
 Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the ground,  
 But the rose and white lilies were drooping around ;  
 And this bonnie blue flower hung doon its wee head,  
 And the bright morning sun flung his beams on its bed,  
 And the pale stars looked forth—but the wee flower was dead.

—ANDERSON.

---

### THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

---

IN Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
 And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;  
 Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
 On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is a sign of joy and love—  
 Young blushing love in its earliest dawn ;  
 And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,  
 From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell,  
Pure as the heart in its native heaven ;  
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,  
In the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,  
In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes ;  
And the tender soul that cannot part,  
A twine of Evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress that daily shades the grave,  
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot ;  
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,  
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden  
bowers,  
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

—PERCIVAL.

---

### THE PRIMROSE.

---

THE milk-white blossoms of the thorn  
Are waving o'er the pool,  
Moved by the wind that breathes along  
So sweetly and so cool.

The hawthorn clusters bloom above,  
The primrose hides below,  
And on the lonely passer-by  
A modest glance doth throw !

The humble primrose' bonnie face  
I meet it everywhere ;  
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,  
It comes and nestles there.  
Like God's own light, on every place  
In glory it doth fall :  
And where its dwelling-place is made,  
It straightway hallows all !

Where'er the green-winged linnet sings,  
The primrose bloometh lone ;  
And love it wins—deep love—from all  
Who gaze its sweetness on.  
On field-paths narrow, and in woods,  
We meet thee near and far,  
Till thou becomest prized and loved,  
As things familiar are !

The stars are sweet at eventide,  
But cold, and far away ;  
The clouds are saft in summer time,  
But all unstable they :  
The rose is rich—but pride of place  
Is far too high for me—

God's simple common things I love—  
My primrose, such as thee !

I love the fireside of my home,  
Because all sympathies,  
The feelings fond of every day  
Around its circle rise.  
And while admiring all the flowers  
That summer suns can give,  
Within my heart the primrose sweet,  
In lowly love doth live !

—NICOLL.



### FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you,  
'tis true,  
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I dote upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with  
fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened  
my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echo-  
ing streams,

And of broken glades breathing their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June :

Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now, what affections the violet awakes ;  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,

Can the wild water-lily restore :  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye  
were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passion-  
less stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

---

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,  
ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH  
IN APRIL 1786.

---

WEE, modest, erimson-tipped flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem :  
To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !  
Wi' speckled breast,  
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet  
The purpling east.

The flaunting flowers our garden yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
                  O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
                  Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thou sawie bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
                  In humble guise ;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
                  And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starred:

Unskilful he to note the card  
    Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
    And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striven ;  
By human pride or cunning driven,  
    To misery's brink,  
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
    He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date ;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,  
    Full on thy bloom,  
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,  
    Shall be thy doom !

—BURRS.



### PRECEPTS OF FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem  
    Man's frailty to portray,  
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,  
    Passing at eve away ;

Teach this, and, oh ! though brief your  
reign,  
Sweet flowers ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath  
For youth's unthinking brow ;  
Go, and to busy mankind breathe  
What most he fears to know ;  
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,  
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,  
Ye breathe these truths severe,  
To those who droop in pale decay,  
Have ye no words of cheer ?  
Oh yes ! ye weave a double spell,  
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom,  
Fond hearts and true are sighing,  
And deck with emblematic bloom  
The pillow of the dying ;  
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,  
Of the long sleep and broken chain ;

And say, that He who from the dust  
Recalls the slumbering flower,  
Will surely visit those who trust  
His mercy and his power ;

Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,  
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

--*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### THE BRAMBLE FLOWER

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,  
Wild bramble of the brake !  
So, put thou forth thy small white rose ;  
I love it for his sake.  
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow  
O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;  
  
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,  
That cannot feel how fair,  
Amid all beauty beautiful,  
Thy tender blossoms are !  
How delicate thy gauzy frill !  
How rich thy branchy stem !  
How soft thy voice when woods are still,  
And thou sing'st hymns to them ;  
  
While silent showers are falling slow,  
And, 'mid the general hush,  
A sweet air lifts the little bough,  
Lone whispering through the bush !

The primrose to the grave is gone ;  
The hawthorn flower is dead ;  
The violet by the mossed gray stone  
Hath laid her weary head ;

But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,  
In all their beauteous power,  
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,  
And boyhood's blossomy hour.  
Scorned bramble of the brae ! once more  
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,  
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,  
In freedom and in joy.

—ELLIOTT.

---

### THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

---

FAIR flower, that lapt in lowly glade  
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,  
Than whom the vernal gale  
None fairer wakes on bank or spray,  
Our England's lily of the may,  
Our lily of the vale.

Art thou that 'lily of the field,'  
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield  
The heart from blank despair,

He showed to our mistrustful kind,  
An emblem to the thoughtful mind  
Of God's paternal care ?

But not the less, sweet springtide's flower,  
Dost thou display the Maker's power,  
His skill and handiwork,  
Our western valley's humbler child ;  
Where in green nook of woodland wild,  
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,  
The loom to ply, the thread to twine ;  
Yet, born to bloom and fade,  
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays,  
Than e'er in Israel's brightest days  
Her wealthiest king arrayed.

Of thy twin leaves th' embowered screen  
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green ;  
Thy Eden-breathing smell ;  
Thy arched and purple-vested stem,  
Whence pendant many a pearly gem,  
Displays a milk-white bell .

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,  
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,  
As rising from the dead,

And fills thy veins with verdant juice,  
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,  
And berries scarlet red ;  
The triple cell, the twofold seed,  
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,  
Whence aye thy race may grow,  
As from creation they have grown,  
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,  
Or vernal breezes blow :—

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand,  
Who at creation gave command,  
And willed thee thus to be,  
And keeps thee still in being through  
Age after age revolving, who  
But the Great God is He ?

Omnipotent to work his will ;  
Wise, who contrives each part to fill  
The post to each assigned ;  
Still provident, with sleepless care  
To keep ; to make the sweet and fair  
For man's enjoyment kind !

“ There is no God,” the senseless say :—  
“ Oh God, why cast’st thou us away ? ”  
Of feeble faith and frail  
The mourner breathes his anxious thought,  
By thee a better lesson taught,  
Sweet lily of the vale.

Yes ! He who made and fosters thee,  
In reason's eye perforce must be  
    Of majesty divine ;  
Nor deems she that his guardian care  
Will he in man's support forbear,  
    Who thus provides for thine.

—*Field Naturalist's Magazine.*

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### BRING FLOWERS.

---

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal  
    board,  
To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd ;  
Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood  
    and vale,  
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,  
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked  
    the rose,  
To deck the hall where the bright wine  
    flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's  
    path—  
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy  
    wrath !  
He comes with the spoils of nations back,  
The vines he crush'd in his chariot's track,

The turf looks red where he won the day—  
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's  
way!—

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,  
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;  
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing  
sky,  
And the bright world shut from his languid  
eye;  
They will bear him a thought of the sunny  
hours,  
And a dream of his youth—bring him flow-  
ers, wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride  
to wear!  
They were born to blush in her shining  
hair.  
She is leaving the home of her childhood's  
mirth,  
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth.  
Her place is now by another's side—  
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young  
bride.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to  
shed,  
A crown for the brow of the early dead!

For this through its leaves hath the wild  
    rose burst,  
For this in the woods was the violet nursed!  
Though they smile in vain for what once  
    was ours,  
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers,  
    pale flowers!—

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel  
    in prayer,  
They are Nature's offering, their place is  
    *there!*  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With a voice of promise they come and part,  
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,  
They break forth in glory—bring flowers,  
    bright flowers!

—*Mrs. HEMANS.*

---

### THE FLOWER-DIAL.

---

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,  
    As they floated in light away,  
By the opening and the folding flowers,  
    That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,  
    And its graceful cup and bell,

In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,  
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have  
flow'd

In a golden current on,  
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,  
The glorious guests were gone

So might the days have been brightly told—  
Those days of song and dreams—  
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,  
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest  
Far off in a breezeless main,  
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,  
Has sought, but still in vain

Yet is not life, in its real flight,  
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,  
By the closing of one hope's delight,  
And another's gentle birth ?

Oh ! let us live so that flower by flower,  
Shutting in turn, may leave  
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,  
A charm for the shaded eve.

—MRS. HEMANS.

## THE BROKEN FLOWER.

—MRS. HEMANS.

## A SONG OF THE ROSE.

Rose ! what dost thou here ?  
Bridal, royal rose ?  
How, 'midst grief and fear,  
Canst thou thus disclose  
That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-  
leaf glows ?

Rose ! too much array'd  
For triumphal hours,  
Look'st thou through the shade  
Of these mortal bowers,  
Not to disturb my soul, thou crown'd one  
of all flowers !

As an eagle soaring  
Through a sunny sky,  
As a clarion pouring  
Notes of victory,  
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for earthly  
life too high—

Thoughts of rapture, flushing  
Youthful poets cheek,  
Thoughts of glory rushing  
Forth in song to break,  
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song  
too weak.

Yet, oh ! festal rose,  
I have seen thee lying  
In thy bright repose  
Pillow'd with the dying,  
*Thy* crimson by the life's quick blood was  
flying.

Summer, hope, and love  
O'er that bed of pain,  
Met in thee, yet wove  
Too, too frail a claim  
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower ?—  
Oh ! within the spells  
Of thy beauty's power  
Something dimly dwells,  
At variance with a world of sorrows and  
farewells.

All the soul forth flowing  
In that rich perfume,  
All the proud life glowing  
In that radiant bloom,  
Have they no place but here, beneath th' o'ershadowing tomb ?

Crown'st thou but the daughters  
Of our tearful race ?—

Heaven's own purest waters  
Well might bear the trace  
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer  
grace.

Will that clime enfold thee  
With immortal air?  
Shall we not behold thee  
Bright and deathless there?  
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more  
fair?

Yes! my fancy sees thee  
In that light disclose,  
And its dream thus frees thee  
From the mist of woes,  
Darkening *thine* earthly bowers, O bridal  
royal rose.

—MRS. HEMANS.

---

### THE VOICE OF SPRING.

---

I COME, I come! ye have call'd me long;  
I come o'er the mountains with light and  
song!  
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wak'ning  
earth,  
By the winds that tell of the violet's birth,

By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers

By thousands have burst from the forest bowers;

And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,  
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.

But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin of the tomb !

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,

And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,

And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,

And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my step hath been.

I have sent through the path-woods a gentle sigh,

And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky—

From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,

In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,

To the swan's wild note by the Iceland  
lakes,  
When the dark fir bough into verdure  
breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed  
the chain :—

They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain  
brows,

They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their starry  
caves,

And the earth resounds with the joy of  
waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !  
Where the violets lie may be now your  
home ;

Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding footstep, to me fly ;  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joy-  
ous lay,

Come forth to the sunshine : I may not stay !

Away from the dwellings of eare-worn men,  
The waters are sparkling in the wild wood  
glen—

Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy  
mirth,  
Their light stems thrill to the wild wood  
strains,  
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

—MRS. HEMANS.

---

### THE ORANGE-BOUGH.

---

OH! bring me one sweet Orange-bough,  
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow ;  
One bough, with pearly blossoms drest,  
And bind it, Mother! on my breast !

Go seek the grove along the shore,  
Whose odours I must breathe no more,  
The grove where every scented tree  
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

Oh! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer,  
And wild farewell, are lingering there,  
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone,  
My faint heart, even in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed  
Life's parting sweeting round my head,

And bind, it Mother ! on my breast  
When I am laid in lonely rest.

—MRS. HEMANS.

---

## THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS.

---

“I desire, as I look on these, the ornaments and children of Earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more ? whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast ? or whether they *have* their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould.”—*Conversations with an Ambitious Student in ill health.*

---

BEAR them not from grassy dells,  
Where wild bees have honey-cells,  
Not from where sweet water-sounds  
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds :  
Not to waste their scented breath  
On the silent room of Death !

Kindred to the breeze they are,  
And the glow-worm’s emerald star,  
And the bird, whose song is free,  
And the many-whispering tree :  
Oh ! too deep a love, and fain,  
They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes,  
 Closing fast on summer skies !  
 Woo thou not the spirit back,  
 From its lone and viewless track,  
 With the bright things which have birth  
 Wide o'er all the colour'd earth !

With the violet's breath would rise  
 Thoughts too sad for her who dies ;  
 From the lily's pearl-cup shed,  
 Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed ;  
 Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—  
 Music—beauty—all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis thou that dreaming art,  
 Calmer is *her* gentle heart.  
 Yes ! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,  
 Leaf and flower, hath gush'd her love ;  
 But that passion, deep and true,  
 Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,  
 In their fragile mould she sees ;  
 Shadows of yet richer things,  
 Born beside immortal springs,  
 Into fuller glory wrought,  
 Kindled by surpassing thought !

Therefore in the lily's leaf  
 She can read no word of grief ;

O'er the woodbine she can dwell,  
Murmuring not—Farewell! farewell!  
And her dim yet speaking eye,  
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once, and yet again,  
Strew them o'er her bed of pain;  
From her chamber take the gloom,  
With a light and flush of bloom:  
So should one depart, who goes  
Where no death can touch the rose!

—MRS. HEMANS.

---

### THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

---

THE nymph must lose her female friend  
If more admired than she—  
But where will fierce contention end,  
If flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene  
Appear'd two lovely foes,  
Aspiring to the rank of queen,  
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon redd'n'd into rage,  
And swelling with disdain,

Appeal'd to many a poet's page  
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,  
A fair imperial flower ;  
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,  
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate  
The goddess chanced to hear ;  
And flew to save, ere yet too late  
The pride of the parterre.

“ Yours is,” she said, “ the noblest hue,  
And yours the statelier mien ;  
And, till a third surpasses you,  
Let each be deem'd a queen.”

Thus soothed and reconciled, each seek  
The fairest British fair ;  
The seat of empire is her cheek  
They reign united there.

—COWPER.

---

### THE IVY-SONG.

---

OH ! how could fancy crown with thee  
In ancient days the god of wine,  
And bid thee at the banquet be  
Companion of the vine !

Ivy ! thy home is where each sound  
Of revelry hath long been o'er,  
Where song and beaker once went round,  
But now are known no more.

Where long-fallen gods recline,  
There the place is thine.

The Roman on his battle plains,  
Where kings before his eagles bent,  
With thee, amidst exulting strains,  
Shadow'd the victor's tent ;  
Though shining there in deathless green,  
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,  
Better thou lovest the silent scene  
Around the victor's grave.

Urn and sculpture half-divine  
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,  
Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,  
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—  
Ivy ! they know thee well !  
And far above the festal vine,  
Thou wav'st where once proud banners  
hung,  
Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine,  
—The Rhine, still fresh and young !  
Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,  
Ivy ! all are thine !

High from the fields of air look down  
Those eyries of a vanish'd race,  
Where harp, and battle, and renown,  
Have pass'd, and left no trace.  
But thou art there ! serenely bright,  
Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,  
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,  
Or crown the lowliest tomb !  
Ivy, Ivy ! all are thine,  
Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same ; our pilgrim tread  
O'er classic plains, through deserts free,  
On the mute path of ages fled,  
Still meets decay and thee.  
And still let man his fabrics rear,  
August in beauty, stern in power,  
—Days pass—thou Ivy never sere !  
And thou shalt have thy dower.  
All are thine, or must be thine !  
—Temple, pillar, shrine !

—MRS. HEMANS.



### THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

---

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses,  
Glad summer, fare thee well !

Thou'rt singing thy last melodies  
In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset  
Of thy latest lingering day,  
Oh ! tell me, o'er this chequer'd earth,  
How hast thou pass'd away ?

Brightly, sweet summer ! brightly  
Thine hours have floated by,  
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,  
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,  
To the wild deer wandering free ;  
And brightly, 'midst the garden flowers  
To the happy murmuring bee ;

But how to human bosoms,  
With all their hopes and fears,  
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,  
To pierce the unborn years ?

Sweet summer ! to the captive  
Thou hast flown in burning dreams  
Of the woods, with all their whispering  
leaves,  
And the blue rejoicing streams ;—

To the wasted and the weary  
On the bed of sickness bound,  
In swift delirious fantasies,  
That changed with every sound ;

To the sailor on the billows,  
In longings, wild and vain,  
For the gushing founts and breezy hills  
And the homes of earth again !

And unto me, glad summer !  
How hast thou flown to me ?  
My chainless footstep nought hath kept  
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,  
In memories of the dead—  
In shadows from a troubled heart,  
O'er thy sunny pathway shied :

In brief and sudden strivings  
To fling a weight aside—  
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,  
And all thy roses died.

But oh ! thou gentle Summer,  
If I greet thy flowers once more,  
Bring me again the buoyancy  
Wherewith my soul should soar !

Give me to hail thy sunshine,  
With song and spirit free ;  
Or in a purer air than this  
May that next meeting be !

—MRS. HEMANS.

---

### THE CYPRESS WREATH.

---

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !  
Too lively glow the lilies light,  
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,  
The May-flower and the eglantine  
May shade a brow less sad than mine ;  
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,  
Or weave it of the cypress-tree.

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine  
With tendrils of the laughing vine ;  
The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To patriot and to sage be due ;  
The evrile bough bids lovers live,  
But tha. Matilda will not give ;  
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Let merry England proudly rear  
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;  
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew ;  
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen  
The flower she loves of emerald green—  
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;  
And while his crown of laurel leaves  
With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;  
But when you hear the passing bell,  
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,  
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough ;  
But, O Matilda, twine not now—  
Stay till a few brief months are past,  
And I have look'd and loved my last !  
When villagers my shroud bestrew  
With pansies, rosemary, and rue—  
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,  
And weave it of the cypress-tree.

—SIR W. SCOTT.

## THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,  
The violet sweet, the lily fair,  
The dappled pink and blushing rose,  
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place  
Upon her brow the various wreath ;  
The flowers less blooming than her face,  
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day :  
And every nymph and shepherd said,  
That in her hair they look'd more gay  
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found  
Their odours lost, their colours past ;  
She changed her look, and on the ground  
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear,  
As any Muse's tongue could speak,  
When from its lid a pearly tear  
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
My love, my life, said I, explain

This change of humour : pr'ythee tell :  
That falling tear—what does it mean ?

She sigh'd : she smiled : and to the flowers  
Pointing, the lovely moralist said—  
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,  
And that of beauty, are but one :  
At morn both flourish bright and gay ;  
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,  
The amorous youth around her bow'd :  
At night her fatal knell was rung ;  
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,  
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow ;  
Go, Damon, bid the Muse display  
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

—PRIOR.

---

### THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

---

WHAT nature, alas ! has denied  
To the delicate growth of our isle,

Art has in a measure supplied,  
And Winter is deck'd with a smile.  
See, Mary, what beauties I bring  
From the shelter of that sunny shed,  
Where the flowers have the charms of the  
spring,  
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,  
Where Flora is still in her prime,  
A fortress to which she retreats  
From the cruel assaults of the clime.  
While earth wears a mantle of snow,  
These pinks are as fresh and as gay  
As the fairest and sweetest that blow  
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived  
The powers of a sky so severe ;  
Such Mary's true love, that has lived  
Through many a turbulent year.  
The charms of the late-blown rose  
Seem graced with a livelier hue,  
And the winter of sorrow best shows  
The truth of a friend such as you.

—COWPER.

## EMBLEMS OF FLOWERS.

Adown winding Nith I did wander,  
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;  
Adown winding Nith I did wander,  
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,  
So artless, so simple, so wild ;  
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,  
For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud 's the blush o' my charmer,  
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :  
How fair and how pure is the lily,  
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,  
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :  
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,  
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning  
That wakes through the green-spreading  
grove,  
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,  
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,  
The bloom of a fine summer's day !  
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis  
Will flourish without a decay.

—BURNS.

---

### TO THE UVA URSI.

---

How modest, sweet, and bright,  
Your clust'ring flowers appear ;  
Above the leaves to hail the light,  
And meet the sunshine there !

But when the summer's sun is sped,  
Where will your bloom be found ?  
Your blossoms gone, your leaves all dead,  
And scattered on the ground.

Yet when next June's bright sun is high,  
Your modest flowers will spring  
In all their beauty to the sky,  
And leaves around you bring.

Just such is youth of virtuous breast :  
He'll fade, but yet to bloom ;  
And in his Saviour's bosom rest,  
When risen from the tomb.

—MRS. HEMANS.

## HEART'S-EASE.

I USED to love thee, simple flower,  
To love thee dearly when a boy;  
For thou didst seem in childhood's hour  
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only work'st my grief,  
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled.  
Give me—give me the wither'd leaf,  
That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,  
But warns me what I soon shall be ;  
It looks not back on pleasure's scene,  
But points unto futurity.

I love thee not, thou simple flower,  
For thou art gay, and I am lone;  
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—  
The Heart's-ease from my path is gone.

—WALLER.

## SWEET LAVENDER.

SWEET lavender ! I love thy flower  
Of meek and modest blue,

Which meets the morn and evening hour,  
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,  
And changeth not its hue.

In cottage-maid's parterre thou'rt seen,  
In simple touching grace ;  
And in the garden of the queen,  
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,  
Thou also hast a place.

The rose, with bright and peerless bloom,  
Attracted many eyes ;  
But while her glories and perfume  
Expire before brief summer's doom,  
Thy fragrance never dies.

Thou art not like the fickle train  
Our adverse fates estrange ;  
Who, in the day of grief and pain,  
Are found deceitful, light, and vain,  
For thou dost never change.

But thou art emblem of the friend,  
Who, whatsoe'er our lot,  
The balm of faithful love will lend  
And, true and constant to the end,  
May die, but alters not.

—Miss STRICKLAND.

## THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,  
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,  
To evening hues of sober grey,  
Thy cup of paly gold;

Be thine the offering, owing long,  
To thee, and to this pensive hour,  
Of the brief tributary song,  
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve  
Thy scatter'd blossoms' lonely light;  
And have my inmost heart receive  
The influence of that sight.

I love, at such an hour, to mark  
Their beauty greet the light breeze chill,  
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,  
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,  
When cares and griefs the breast invade,  
Is friendship's animating smile,  
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth like thy pale cup,  
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,  
And bears the sinking spirit up  
Amid its chilling fears ;

But still more animating far,  
If meek religion's eye may trace,  
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,  
The holier hope of grace !

The hope that, as thy beauteous bloom  
Expands to glad the close of day,  
So through the shadows of the tomb  
May break forth mercy's ray.

—BARTON.



### TO THE SNOW-DROP.

THOU first-born of the year's delight,  
Pride of the dewy glade,  
In vernal green and virgin white,  
Thy vestal robes, array'd ;

'Tis not because thy drooping form  
Sinks grateful on its nest,  
When chilly shades from gathering storm  
Affright thy tender breast ;

Nor from yon river islet wild  
Beneath the willow spray,  
Where, like the ringlets of a child,  
Thou wear'st thy circle gay ;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear—  
Thy shy averted smiles  
To fancy bode a joyous year,  
One of life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,  
And cheer the ungenial day,  
And tell us all will glisten soon  
As green and bright as they.

Is there a heart, that loves the spring,  
Their witness can refuse ?  
Yet mortals doubt, when angels bring  
From heaven their Easter news :

When holy maids and matrons speak  
Of Christ's forsaken bed,  
And voices, that forbid to seek  
The living 'mid the dead ;

And when they say, " Turn, wandering  
heart,  
" Thy Lord is risen indeed,  
" Let pleasure go, put care apart,  
" And to his presence speed ;"

We smile in scorn : and yet we know  
They early sought the tomb,  
Their hearts that now so freshly glow,  
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,  
Wear not so bright a glance :  
They who have won their earthly mind,  
Less reverently advance.

But where, in gentle spirits, fear  
And joy so duly meet,  
These sure have seen the angels near,  
And kiss'd the Saviour's feet.

Nor let the pastor's thankful eye  
Their faltering tale disdain,  
As on their lowly couch they lie,  
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts  
From thee would start aloof,  
Where patience her sweet skill imparts  
Beneath some cottage roof :

Revive our dying fires, to burn  
High as her anthems soar,  
And of our scholars let us learn  
Our own forgotten lore.

— KEBLE.

## THE ROSE-BUD.

WHEN nature tries her finest touch,  
Weaving her vernal wreath,  
Mark ye, how close she veils her round,  
Not to be traced by sight or sound,  
Nor soil'd by ruder breath?

Whoever saw the earliest rose  
First open her sweet breast?  
Or, when the summer sun goes down,  
The first, soft star in evening's crown  
Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom  
On features wan and fair—  
The gazing eye no change can trace,  
But look away a little space,  
Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er  
Blush'd on the rosy spray—  
A brighter star, a richer bloom  
Than e'er did western heaven illume  
At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven ;  
Love gentle, holy, pure :  
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,  
The searching sun, the open sky,  
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight  
Here in the coarse rude earth :  
How then should rash intruding glance  
Break in upon her sacred trance  
Who boasts a heavenly birth !

So still and secret is her growth,  
Ever the truest heart,  
Where deepest strikes her kindly root  
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,  
Least known its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look  
Behind the blissful screen—  
As when, triumphant o'er his woes,  
The Son of God, by moonlight rose,  
By all but heaven unseen :

As when the holy Maid beheld  
Her risen Son and Lord :  
Thought has not colours half so fair  
That she to paint that hour may dare,  
In silence best adored.

The gracious dove, that brought from  
heaven

The earnest of our bliss,  
Of many a chosen witness telling,  
On many a happy vision dwelling,  
Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,  
Old Israel's long-lost Son,  
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,  
He call'd his conscious brethren near,  
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul  
But in his maker's sight—  
Then why should gentle hearts and true  
Bare to the rude world's withering view  
Their treasures of delight ?

No—let the dainty rose awhile  
Her bashful fragrance hide—  
Rend not her silken veil too soon,  
But leave her, in her own soft noon,  
To flourish and abide.

—KEBLE.

## TO A PRIMROSE.

FLOWER of pale but lovely bloom,  
Given to grace my humble room,  
On my spirit's waken'd sense  
Pour thy silent eloquence.

Tales it tells of days gone by,  
When in spring my boyish eye  
On the bank, or in the grove,  
Gazed on thee with joy and love.

Fairer flowers which gardens bear,  
Proud exotics rear'd with care,  
Beautiful though they may be,  
Never can compare with thee.

Thou art rich, from memory's store,  
With the wealth of life's young lore ;  
Lore by books but poorly taught,  
Wealth by riches never bought.

While I look on thee, I seem  
Once more of the past to dream,  
When life's business was but play,  
Joy—a spring-tide holiday ;

When, the cares of man unknown,  
Boyhood's pleasures were my own;  
And a sunny day in spring,  
Gladness to my heart could bring;

Gladness from the bright blue sky,  
From the brook that babbled by,  
From the greenwood's leafy screen,  
From the mead's enamell'd green.

In those haunts so fresh and fair,  
In those hours so free from care,  
Faithful memory loves to trace  
Thy familiar form and face.

There thou wast—where'er I stray'd,  
By the stream or in the glade,  
Welcome to my eye and heart—  
There thou wast, and here thou art.

Thanks, then, to the friendly theft  
Which thy lowly root up-reft  
From its natal dwelling-place  
In this vase my desk to grace.

Faintly, while I look on thee,  
Seems the past again to be;  
Sights and sounds which then were dear  
Greet again my eye and ear.

Grateful is it yet to feel  
In the heart thy mute appeal ;  
Lingering greenness lurking there  
Feelings such as these declare.

Shed, then, on dark manhood's gloom,  
Gleams of sunshine from thy bloom,  
Through whose spell the spirit seems  
Once more young in childhood's dreams.

—BARTON.

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### THE LILY.

---

I HAD found out a sweet green spot  
Where a lily was blooming fair ;  
The din of the city disturb'd it not ;  
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot  
With its wings of love was there.

I found that lily's bloom  
When the day was dark and chill :  
It smiled like a star in a misty gloom,  
And it sent abroad a sweet perfume,  
Which is floating around me still

I sat by the lily's bell,  
And watch'd it many a day :—

The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,  
Grew faint and dim, then droop'd and fell,  
And the flower had flown away.

I look'd where the leaves were laid,  
In withering paleness, by ;  
And as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,  
There's many a sweet and blooming maid,  
Who will soon as dimly die.

—PERCIVAL.

---

TO BLOSSOMS.

---

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast ?  
Your date is not so past  
But you may stay here yet awhile,  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night ?  
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But ye are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave:  
And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you, awhile, they glide  
Into the grave.

—HERRICK.



### THE HAREBELL.



WITH drooping bells of clearest blue,  
Thou didst attract my childish view,  
Almost resembling  
The azure butterflies that flew  
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew,  
So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern, and golden bloom,  
Increase the sand-rock cavern's gloom,  
I've seen thee tangled,  
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,  
By vain Arachne's treach'rous loom,  
With dew-drops spangled.

'Mid ruins tumbling to decay,  
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,  
Still freshly springing

Where pride and pomp have pass'd away,  
On mossy tomb and turret grey,  
Like friendship clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illumé the scene,  
And silvery daisies dot the green,  
Thy flowers revealing ;  
Perchance to soothe the fairy-queen,  
With faint sweet tones, on night serene,  
Thy soft bells pealing.

But most I love thine azure braid,  
When softer flowers are all decay'd,  
And thou appearest,  
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,  
Like joys that linger as they fade,  
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory ;  
The pensive soul recals in thee  
The year's past pleasures ;  
And led by kindred thought will flee,  
Till back to careless infancy  
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,  
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,  
I've seen thee bending ;

Pale as the pale blue veins that streak  
Consumption's thin transparent cheek,  
With death hues blending.

Thou shalt be Sorrow's love and mine.  
The violet and the eglantine  
With Spring are banish'd ;  
In Summer's beam the roses shine ;  
But I of thee my wreath will twine,  
When these are vanish'd.

—MISS M. A. BROWNE.

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### TO THE CROCUS.

---

LOWLY, sprightly little flower !  
Herald of a brighter bloom,  
Bursting in a sunny hour  
From thy winter tomb.

Hues you bring, bright, gay, and tender,  
As if never to decay ;  
Fleeting in their varied splendour—  
Soon, alas ! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherish'd,  
Thus the friends I long had known,  
One by one, like you, have perish'd,  
Blighted—I must fade alone.

—PATTERSON.

---

## THE MOSS-ROSE.

Mossy rose on mossy stone,  
Flowering 'mid the ruins lone,  
I have learnt, beholding thee,  
Youth and age may well agree.

Baby germ of freshest hue,  
Out of ruin issuing new ;  
Moss a long laborious growth,  
And one stalk supporting both.

Thus may still, while fades the past,  
Life come forth again as fast ;  
Happy if the relics sere  
Deck a cradle, not a bier.

Tear the garb, the spirit flies,  
And the heart, unshelter'd, dies ;  
Kill within the nursling flower,  
Scarce the green survives an hour.

Ever thus together live,  
And to man a lesson give,  
Moss, the work of vanish'd years,  
Rose, that but to-day appears.

Moss that covers dateless tombs ;  
Bud, with early sweet that blooms ;  
Childhood thus, in happy rest  
Lies on ancient Wisdom's breast.

Moss and rose, and age and youth,  
Flush and verdure, hope and truth,  
Yours be peace that knows not strife  
One the root, and one the life.

—PATTERSON.

---

### THE VIOLET.

---

SWEET lowly plant ! once more I bend  
To hail thy presence here,  
Like a beloved returning friend,  
From absence doubly dear.

Wert thou for ever in our sight,  
Might we not love thee less ?  
But now thou bringest new delight,  
Thou still hast power to bless.

Still doth thy April presence bring  
Of April joys a dream ;  
When life was in its sunny spring—  
A fair unrippled stream.

And still thine exquisite perfume  
Is precious as of old ;  
And still thy modest tender bloom,  
It joys me to behold.

It joys and cheers, whene'er I see  
Pain on earth's meek ones press,  
To think the storm that rends the tree  
Seathes not thy lowliness.

And thus may human weakness find,  
E'en in thy lowly flower,  
An image cheering to the mind,  
In many a trying hour,

—THOMSON.

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### A SIMILE

---

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,  
That blooms sae fair frae haunt o man ;  
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear !  
It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,  
How pure aniang the leaves sae green ;  
But purer was the lover's vow  
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,  
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !  
But love is a far sweeter flower,  
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,  
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;  
And I, the world nor wish, nor scorn,  
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

—BURNS.

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### THE WALL-FLOWER.

---

THE wall-flower—the wall-flower,  
How beautiful it blooms !  
It gleams above the ruin'd tower,  
Like sunlight over tombs ;  
It sheds a halo of repose  
Around the wrecks of time ;—  
To beauty give the flaunting rose,  
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place !  
Grey ruin's golden crown !  
Thou lendest melancholy grace  
To haunts of old renown ;  
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,

By strife or storm decay'd ;  
And fillest up each envious rent  
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Whither hath fled the choral band  
That fill'd the abbey's nave ?  
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand  
O'er many a level grave ;  
In the belfry's crevices, the dove  
Her young brood nurseth well,  
Whilst thou, lone flower ! dost shed above  
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,  
When blossoms clothe the trees,  
How sweet to throw the lattice up,  
And scent thee on the breeze !  
The butterfly is then abroad,  
The bee is on the wing,  
And on the hawthorn by the road  
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower—sweet wall-flower !  
Thou conjurest up to me,  
Full many a soft and sunny hour  
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee ;  
When joy from out the daisies grew  
In woodland pastures green,  
And summer skies were far more blue  
Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard  
    Amid the yellow bowers,  
The robin is the regal bird,  
    And thou the queen of flowers !  
He sings on the laburnum trees,  
    Amid the twilight dim,  
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze  
    Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,  
    The rose is summer's guest ;  
Bland are thy charms when these decay—  
    Of flowers, first, last, and best !  
There may be gaudier on the bower,  
    And statelier on the tree ;  
But wall-flower, loved wall-flower,  
    Thou art the flower for me !

—MOIR.



### THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer  
    Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
    Are faded and gone ;  
No flower of her kindred,  
    No rose-bud is nigh,

To reflect back her blushes  
And give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem ;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves on the bed  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle  
The gems drop away :  
When true hearts lie wither'd  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh ! who would inhabit  
This cold world alone ?

—T. MOORE.



### THE CLOSED CONVOLVULUS.

---

AN hour ago, and sunny beams  
Were glancing o'er each airy bell ;  
And thou wert drinking in those gleams  
Like beauty listening love's farewell.

And now with folded drooping leaves,  
Thou seemest for that light to mourn,  
Like unto one who fondly grieves  
The hours that stay some friend's return.

We cannot trace the hidden power  
Which folds thine azure petals up,  
When evening shadows dimly lower,  
And dew-drops gem each floweret's cup.

Methinks I should not wish to be  
Like thee, a votary of the sun,  
To bask beneath his beams, yet flee  
Whene'er his brilliant race is run.

O dearer far the silent night,  
And lovelier far the star-lit sky,  
Than gaudy day with sunbeams bright,  
And loud with nature's minstrelsy.

The night-bird's song is not for thee,  
The beautiful, the silver moon,  
The holy calm o'er flowers and tree ;  
The stillness—nature's dearest boon.

Thou art a reveller of day,  
A fair, rejoicing child of light ;  
Glad, while the sun-beams o'er thee play,  
But drooping in the quiet night.

Like unto those who freely spend  
Their kindness in our happier hours,  
But should affliction want a friend,  
They prove the sun's adoring flowers.

—LANGHORNE.



### THE ALMOND-TREE.

---

FLEETING and falling  
Where is the bloom  
Of yon fair *Almond-tree*?  
It is sunk in the tomb.

Its tomb, wheresoever  
The wind may have borne  
The leaves and the blossoms  
Its roughness has torn.

Some there are floating  
On yon fountain's breast—  
Some line the moss  
Of the nightingale's nest—

Some are just strewn  
O'er the green grass below,  
And there they lie stainless  
As winter's first snow.

Yesterday, on the boughs  
They hung scented and fair ;  
To-day they are scatter'd  
The breeze best knows where

To-morrow those leaves  
Will be scentless and dead,  
For the kind to lament  
And the careless to tread.

And is it not thus  
With each hope of the heart ?  
With all its best feelings ?—  
Thus will they depart :

They'll go forth to the world  
On the wings of the air,  
Rejoicing and hoping ;  
But what will be there ?—

False lights to deceive,  
False friends to delude,  
Till the heart in its sorrow's  
Left only to brood.

Over feelings crush'd, chill'd,  
Sweet hopes ever flown ;  
Like that tree when its green leaves  
And blossoms are gone.

—MISS LANDON.

## FADED FLOWERS.

FADED flowers,  
Sweet faded flowers,  
Beauty and death  
Have ruled your hours ;  
Ye woke in bloom but a morn ago,  
And now are your blossoms in dust laid low.

But yesterday  
With the breeze ye strove,  
In the play of life,  
In the pride of love ;  
To and fro swung each radiant head,  
That now is drooping, and pale, and dead !

Delicate flower,  
With the pearl-white bells,  
No more shall dew-drop  
Sleep in thy cells !

No more, rich rose, on thy heaving breast,  
The honey-bee fold his wings to rest !

Fair myrtle-tree,  
Thy blossoms lie low,  
But green above them,  
Thy branches grow ;

Like a buried love, or a vanish'd joy,  
Link'd unto memories none destroy.

Faded flowers,  
Sweet faded flowers—  
Fair frail records  
Of Eden's bowers;

In a world where sorrow and wrong bear  
sway,  
Why should ye linger?—Away! away!

What were the emblems  
Pride to stain,  
Might ye your glorious  
Crowns retain?

And what for the young heart, bow'd with  
grief,  
Were the rose ne'er seen with a wither'd  
leaf?

Ye bloom to tell us  
What once hath been;  
What yet shall in heaven  
Again be seen;

Ye die, that man in his strength may learn,  
How vain the hopes in his heart that burn.

Many in form,  
And bright in hue!

I know your fate,  
But the earth to strew,  
And my soul flies on to immortal bowers,  
Where the heart and the rose are not faded  
flowers.

—MISS JEWESBURY.

---

TO A DAISY.

---

BRIGHT flower, whose home is everywhere !  
A pilgrim bold in Nature's care,  
And oft, the long year through, the heir  
    Of joy or sorrow ;  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other flower I see  
    The forest thorough !

And wherefore ? Man is soon deprest ;  
A thoughtless thing who, once unblest,  
Does little on his memory rest,  
    Or on his reason :  
But thou would'st teach him how to find  
A shelter under every wind ;  
A hope for times that are unkind,  
    And every season.

—WORDSWORTH.

## STANZAS TO TWO EARLY VIOLETS.

TWINS of the spring,  
What airs of wood-wild sweets  
Lurk in your fragrant leaves!

What dreams ye bring  
Of early, nameless joys, that youth first  
greets,  
Ere time the heart bereaves  
Of all its gladness !

Oh ! vague delight,  
Which hails the vernal day  
Of youthful flowery morn,  
With hopes as bright  
As Nature's robe is gorgeously gay,  
Ere the fresh heart is worn  
By with'ring sadness.

Oh ! vague delight !  
No more in after-day  
Ye ever can return ;  
A mildew'd blight  
Obscures the brightness of that matin ray,  
And then we just discern  
Our joys were madness.

Children of spring !  
Yet still your blossoms bear  
Power of refined delight ;  
Ye bid me sing  
Of dreams and days the vulgar cannot share ;  
In fortune's proud despite  
I give thee welcoming.

—WORDSWORTH.

---

### THE ROSE OF MAY.

---

AH ! there's the lily, marble pale,  
The bonny broom, the cistus frail,  
The rich sweet-pea, the iris blue,  
The larkspur with its peacock hue ;—  
Each one is fair, yet hold I will  
That the rose of May is fairer still

'Tis grand 'neath palace-walls to grow ;  
To blaze where lords and ladies go ;  
To hang o'er marble founts and shrine  
In modern gardens trim and fine ;—  
But the rose of May is only seen  
Where the great of other days have been.

The house is mouldering stone by stone ;  
The garden-walks are overgrown ;

The flowers are low, the weeds are high ;  
The fountain-stream is choked and dry ;  
The dial-stone with moss is green,  
Where'er the rose of May is seen.

The rose of May its pride display'd  
Along the old stone balustrade ;  
And ancient ladies, quaintly dight,  
In its pink blossoms took delight,  
And on the steps would make a stand,  
To scent its sweetness, fan in hand.

Long have been dead those ladies gay ;  
Their very heirs have pass'd away ;  
And their old portraits prim and tall  
Are mouldering in the mouldering hall ;  
The terrace and the balustrade  
Lie broken, weedy, and decay'd.

But lithe and tall, the rose of May  
Shoots upward through the ruin grey ;  
With scented flower and leaf pale-green,  
Such rose as it hath ever been ;  
Left, like a noble deed, to grace  
The memory of an ancient race !

—MRS. HOWITT.

## THE POOR MAN'S FLOWERS.

AROUND the rich man's trelliss'd bower  
Gay, costly creepers run :  
The poor man has his scarlet-beans  
To screen him from the sun.

And there before the little bench  
O'ershadow'd by the bower,  
Grow southernwood and lemon-thyme,  
Sweet-pea and gillyflower ;

And pinks and clove-carnations,  
Rich-scented, side by side ;  
And at each end a holly-hock,  
With an edge of London-pride.

And here, on Sabbath evenings,  
Until the stars are out,  
With a little one in either hand  
He walketh all about.

For though his garden-plot is small,  
Him doth it satisfy ;  
For there's no inch of all his ground  
That does not fill his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus ;  
For though his grounds are wide,  
He looks beyond and yet beyond  
With soul unsatisfied.

—MRS. HOWITT.

---

### EVENING SONG.

---

LINGER, oh linger a short time still,  
Beloved, by my side,  
For from behind yon distant hill  
The evening shades now glide ;  
And nightingales begin to thrill  
Their song of eventide.

Linger, oh linger yet awhile,  
And watch eve's star arise  
With such a sweet and placid smile  
Upon her own blue skies.  
While still the west for many a mile  
Is tinged with sunset dyes.

Linger, oh linger still to gaze,  
Encircled by mine arm,  
Upon the young moon's trembling rays,  
Which ever bear a charm  
For eve's hearts, and well portrays  
Thee's course upon life's calm.

Linger, oh linger at this hour,  
And let our hearts commune  
Together in this leafy bower,  
And listen to the tune  
With which soft Zephyr woos the flower  
Upon this night of June.

The modest flower—who mildly glows,  
Ere yet the sunbeams leave,  
But shrinkingly itself will close,  
When fall the shades of eve,  
Meet pattern for the guide of those  
Who beauty like receive.

The short-lived flower—whose life began  
With yester morning's birth,  
But when a few short days have ran,  
Will sink again to earth ;  
True emblem of the little span  
Given to beauty's worth.

The fragile flower—which may be bent  
With blasts so roughly rude,  
And all its charms asunder rent,  
Upon the ground be strew'd ;  
Meet admonition, for all sent  
With feelings fine imbued.

—THE EDITOR.

## SPARE MY FLOWER.

Oh spare my flower, my gentle flower,  
The slender creature of a day !  
Let it bloom out its little hour,  
And pass away.

So soon its fleeting charms must lie  
Decay'd unnoticed, overthrown ;  
Oh hasten not its destiny,  
Too like thy own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,  
And sigh to find its playmate gone :  
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,  
And meet with none.

Oh spare ! and let it still outspread  
Its beauties to the passing eye,  
And look up from its lowly bed,  
Upon the sky.

Oh spare my flower ! thou know'st not what  
Thy undiscerning hand would tear ;  
A thousand charms thou notest not,  
Lie treasured there.

Not Solomon, in all his state,  
Was clad like nature's simplest child ;  
Nor could the world combined create  
One flow'ret wild

Spare, then, this humble monument  
Of an Almighty's power and skill ;  
And let it at his shrine present  
Its homage still.

He made it, who made nought in vain :  
He watches it, who watches thee ;  
And He can best its date ordain,  
Who bade it be.

Oh spare my flower ! for it is frail—  
A timid, weak, imploring thing—  
And let it still upon the gale  
Its moral fling.

That moral thy reward shall be :  
Catch the suggestion, and apply—  
“ Go live like me,” it cries ; “ like me  
Soon, soon, to die.”

—LYTE

## THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose !  
Tell her that wastes her time on me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired ;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee ;  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Yet, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;

And teach the maid  
That goodness time's rude hand defies;  
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

—WALLER.

---

### LOVE'S WREATH.

---

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling  
round

Among flowers the whole summer's day,  
One morn in the valley a bower he found,  
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead from the trees hung a garland fair,  
A fountain ran darkly beneath;

'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flowers  
up there,

Love knew it and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love did not know—and at his weak  
years,

What urchin was likely to know?—

That sorrow had made of her own salt tears,  
That fountain which murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath, but with too much  
haste,

As boys when impatient will do;

It fell in those waters of briny taste,  
And the flowers were all wet through.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day ;  
And though it all sunny appears  
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,  
Still tastes of the fountain of tears.

—MOORE.

---

### CUPID AND THE DIAL.

---

ONE day, young frolic Cupid tried  
To scatter roses o'er the hours,  
And on the dial's face to hide  
The course of time with many flowers.

By chance, his rosy wreaths had wound  
Upon the hands, and forced them on ;  
And when he look'd again, he found  
The hours had pass'd, the time was gone.

“ Alas ! ” said love, and dropp'd his flowers,  
“ I've lost my time in idle play ;  
The sweeter I would make the hours,  
The quicker they are pass'd away.”

—LANGHORNE.

## HUMAN FLOWERS.

SWEET Lucy has chosen the lily, as pale  
And as lowly as she, still the pride of the  
vale :

An emblem more fitting, so fair and retired,  
Heart could not have chosen, nor fancy de-  
sired.

And Ellen, gay Ellen, a symbol as true,  
In the hare-bell has found, and its delicate  
blue :

For ever the blossoms are fresh in her eyes,  
As dewy, as sweet, and more soft than the  
skies.

And Jane, in her thoughtfulness, conscious  
of power,  
Has gazed in her fervour on many a flower :  
Has chosen, rejected, then many combined  
To blazon her graces of person and mind.

Whilst Isabel's face, like the dawn, in one  
flush—  
Far need she not wander to bank and to  
bush ;

Well the tint of her cheek the young Isabel  
knows,  
For the blossom of health is the beautiful  
rose.

And Mary, the pensive, who loves in the  
dusk  
Of the gardens, to muse when the air is all  
musk ;  
Will leave all its beauties, and many they  
are,  
To gaze meek in thought on the jessamine  
star.

And Kate, the light butterfly Kate, ever gay,  
Will choose the first blossom that comes in  
her way :  
The cistus will please her a moment, and  
then  
Away will she flutter, and settle again.

But Julia for me, with her heart in her eyes,  
The child of the summer, too warm to be  
wise :  
Is the passion-flower near her, with tendrils  
close curled,  
She can smile whilst she suffers ; 'tis hers  
for the world.

All are lovely, all blossom of heart and of mind ;  
All true to their natures, as Nature design'd ;  
To cheer and to solace, to strengthen, caress,  
And with love that can die not to buoy and to bless.

With gentleness, might, and with weakness,  
what grace !  
Revelations from Heaven in form and on face ;  
Like the bow in the cloud, like the flower on the sod,  
They ascend and descend in my dreams as from God.

—HOWITT.

---

### THE ALPINE VIOLET.

---

THE Spring is come, the violet's gone,  
The first-born child of the early sun ;  
With us she is but a winter flower,  
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower ;  
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,  
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

But when the Spring comes with her host  
Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,  
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse  
Her heavenly odours and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember  
Their herald, out of dire December ;  
The morning star of all the flowers,  
The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours ;  
And 'mid the roses, ne'er forget  
The virgin, virgin violet.

—BYRON.

---

### THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

---

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest  
of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and  
meadows brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the  
withered leaves lie dead ;  
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the  
rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from  
the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow  
through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,  
that lately sprung and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?

Alas ! they all are in their graves : the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,  
as falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,  
as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
    though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters  
    of the rill,  
The south-wind searches for the flowers  
    whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by  
    the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youth-  
    ful beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and  
    faded by my side:  
In the cold moist earth we laid her when  
    the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have  
    a life so brief ;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that  
    young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish  
    with the flowers.

—BRYANT.

THE END.

# FLORAL EMBLEMS.

---

## A.

|                            |                             |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>Acacia</i>              | Concealed love.             |
| <i>Amaranth,</i>           | Immortality.                |
| <i>Amaryllis,</i>          | Beautiful but timid.        |
| <i>American Star Wort,</i> | Welcome to a stran-<br>ger. |
| <i>Anemone,</i>            | Forsaken.                   |
| <i>Azalea,</i>             | Temperance.                 |

## B.

|                          |              |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| <i>Bluebell,</i>         | Health.      |
| <i>Box,</i>              | Constancy.   |
| <i>Branch of Thorns,</i> | Severity.    |
| <i>Burdock,</i>          | Importunity. |
| <i>Buttercup,</i>        | Ingratitude. |

## C.

|                               |                             |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>Cactus,</i>                | Warmth                      |
| <i>Camelia Japonica,</i>      | Unpretending excellence.    |
| <i>Canterbury-Bell,</i>       | Constancy.                  |
| <i>Cardinal Flower,</i>       | Distinction.                |
| <i>Carnation Stripea,</i>     | Refusal.                    |
| <i>Chamomile,</i>             | Energy in adversity.        |
| <i>China Aster,</i>           | After thought.              |
| <i>Chrysanthemum Chinese,</i> | Cheerfulness in [adversity. |
| <i>Clematis Evergreen,</i>    | Poverty.                    |
| <i>Cocks-Comb,</i>            | Singularity.                |
| <i>Columbine,</i>             | Folly.                      |
| <i>Convolvulus</i>            | Repose.                     |
| <i>Coreopsis,</i>             | Always cheerful.            |
| <i>Crocus,</i>                | Abuse not.                  |
| <i>Cypress,</i>               | Death Mourning.             |

## D.

|                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| <i>Daffodil,</i>  | Uncertainty.         |
| <i>Dahlia,</i>    | Elegance and beauty. |
| <i>Daisy,</i>     | Beauty, innocence.   |
| <i>Dandelion,</i> | Coquetry.            |

## E.

|                   |               |
|-------------------|---------------|
| <i>Eglantine,</i> | I would heal. |
|-------------------|---------------|

*Endive,* Frugality.  
*Everlasting Pea,* Lasting pleasure.

## F.

*Fleur de lis,* Aristocracy.  
*Fennel,* Force, strength.  
*Fern,* Sincerity.  
*Fig,* Longevity.

## G.

*Geranium,* Gentility.  
*Do. dark,* Melancholy.  
*Golden rod,* Precaution.  
*Grape wild,* Rural felicity.  
*Grape,* Mirth.

## H.

*Hare-Bell,* Grief.  
*Hawthorn,* Hope.  
*Heliotrope,* Devotion.  
*Holly,* Domestic happiness.  
*Hollyhock* Ambition.  
*Honey suckle,* Fidelity.  
*Hydrangia,* Heartlessness.

## I.

*Ice plant,* An old beau.

*Iris,* My compliments.  
*Ivy,* Wedded love.

## J.

*Jessamine,* Amiability.  
*Jasmine virginia,* Separation.  
*Juniper,* Protection.

## L.

*Larkspur,* Haughtiness.  
*Lilac Persian,* An accomplished traveller.  
*Lily white,* Purity and happiness.  
*Lobelia,* Malevolence.  
*Lupin,* Dejection.

## M.

*Marigold,* Jealousy.  
*Mimosa,* Sensitiveness.  
*Mistletoe,* Superstition.  
*Mourning Widow,* Bereavement.  
*Myrtle,* Love in Silence.

## N.

*Narcissus,* Self love.  
*Nightshade,* Dark thoughts.

## O.

*Oleander,*  
*Olive,*

Beware.  
Peace.

## P.

*Pansy,*  
*Pea-sweet,*  
*Pink,*  
*Piony,*  
*Polyanthus,*  
*Poppy red,*  
*Poppy white,*  
*Primrose,*

Pleasant thoughts.  
Departure.  
Womans love.  
Anger.  
Confidence.  
Evanescence pleasure.  
Consolation.  
Modest worth.

## R.

*Rhododendron.*  
*Rose,*  
*Rose dermask,*  
*Rose Multiflora,*  
*Rose Moss,*  
*Rose bud white,*

Majesty.  
Beauty and prosperity.  
Bashful love.  
Grace.  
Superior merit.  
Too young to love.

## S.

*Sage,*  
*Scabious sweet,*  
*Shamrock*  
*Snow drop,*  
*Spear Mint,*

Domestic virtue.  
Widowhood.  
Light-heartedness.  
Hope.  
Warmth of sentiment.

*Star of Bethlehem.*

Guidance, Purity.

*Sweet William,*

A smile.

**T.**

*Travellers joy,*

Safety.

*Tuberose,*

Voluptuousness.

*Tulip variegated,*

Beautiful eyes.

**V.**

*Veronica,*

Fidelity.

*Vine,*

Intoxication.

*Violet,*

Modesty.

*Virgin bower*

Artifice.

**W.**

*Water Lily,*

Purity of heart.

*Willow weeping,*

Forsaken love.

*Woodbine,*

Fraternal love

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